MARIE Magdalens Loue.

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Mary Magdalens Loue.

Vppon the twenty Chapter of Iohn, *from the first verse to the eighteenth.*

Vppon the first verse as followeth.

The Text.

Now the first day of the weeke came Mary Magdalen, *early when it was yet dark vnto the Sepulchre, and sawe the stone rowled away from the Tombe.*

DEerely beloued in our Saiiiour *Christ*: In this first verse I find foure cheefe note: to bee well marked, and kept in memorie

rie: Firſt the perſon named, who it was, and of what condition: Secondlie, the time, Thirdlie the place, and fourthly what was there ſeene and done. The perſon was *Marie* a woman, and one that had bin a great ſinner, the time that ſhe came, was the firſt day of the week in the morning earely, euen when it was yet darcke: the place ſhee went vn o, was the ſepulcher, and the thing that ſhee ſaw there was the ſtone rolled awaye from the Tombe: now touching *Marie* let vs note two eſpeciall cauſes of her comming, loue and ſorrow; loue that ſhe bare him, and ſorrow that ſhee had for him. I meane to liue without him: who of manie thouſandes are ignorant, that the miſtaken loue indeed, which the wantons, and wretches of this worlde are to much troubled with; will keep their wits waking, watching

and

and continuallie woorking for the accompliſhment of a moſte wilfull or rather woefull deſire: and if then the deuill, by the permiſſion of God, haue ſuch power to blind the eyes, and charme the ſenſes of humane creatures, with that lewd humor of miſtearmed loue, how much more warie, effectuall, and continuall carefull watch dooth the loue of God keep in the ſoules of his ſeruantes, longir ; and look-ing, both day and nigh ., and think-ing no time too earlie or long, be it neuer ſo long, ſo that at laſt they may come to the enioying of their ſouls comfort: Let vs therfore con-ſider a little what may bee ſpoken of *Maries* loue: Firſt that ſhee lo-ued we cannot doubt, for it was ſpoken by the mouth of *Chriſt* him-ſelfe vnto *Simon. Luke, Chapter 7. Verſe. 45. Many ſinnes are forgiuen hir, for ſhe loued much*: But marke

now the nature of this good loue what it wroght in her: three excellent blessings, Constancy, Modesty, & Humility: Constancy in the hart, Modesty in the minde, and Humility in the soule: but of these wee wil speake more hereafter in their due places, & therefore touching the first words from whence I gather my first notes, marke here what is saide by the holye Euangelist, whom nameth: *Marie Magdalen*, a vvoman, and one that had beene a great sinner: out of vvhom vvere cast out seuen deuills, but vvhen the foule spirits vvere gone, there came to her that good spirit, that in true penitence found especiall grace with her liuing Lorde, not that she was then no longer a sinner, but being a penitent sinner, she had obteined mercie.

Now you see, how *Marie* had beene a great sinner, and receiued

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a great forgiuenes, which begat in her faith ſo great a Loue, as broght forth great fruits of repentance, & made of her as it were a new woman, turning her from a ſinfull ſeruant to the world, to a louing ſeruant to *Chriſt*: as in theſe wordes following ſhall appeare.

Nowe earlie in the Morning the firſt day of the VVeeke, came Mary Magdalen, he ſayeth not the Diſciples, but *Mary Magdalen*: See here you bleſſed and welbeloued of God, both men and women: What a ſweet example of care ſhe hath left for your comfort that wil follow hir, it is ſaide heere, ſhee came the firſt day of the weeke: An excellent note for good huſbandes and huſwiues to obſerue, not to ouerſlippe their time, till the latter end of the Weeke, and then perhaps alſo be either idle, or worſe exerciſed, as I feare too ma-

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nie are in theſe dayes: then another note of wiſdome in the chooſing of her worke to ſeeke *Chriſt:* for beginne the Weeke with him and thy worke will thriue the better, and continue the Weeke with him and thy wages wilbe the greater, and neuer worke but with him, and thou ſhalt finde thy labour will bee the eaſier by the vnſpeakable comfort of thy reward. Manie are vp earely, and downe late, as the theefe about his robery, the couetous about his miſery, the adulterer about his villanie, and the Traytor about his treaſon, but alas *Mary* had none of theſe thoughtes in her head, ſhee roſe earely to ſeeke *Chriſt*, ſhee came earely while it was yet darke: for as *Dauid the Pſalmiſt* ſaieth in his hundred and thirtie Pſalme, and ſixt verſe. *My ſoule waiteth on the Lord, more than the Morning watch*

watcheth

watcheth for the Morning: who then wil come to *Christ* must wait for him as *Dauid* did; and seeke for him as *Marie* did. Earely in the morning and the first day in the weeke and though it be dark, yet wee must watch till it be day, and then by Gods helpe wee shall see that wee looke for: Now let vs speake a little more of *Mary*, shee found her selfe a sinner, and therefore vnworthy to see her Sauiour any more, but yet her sinnes were forgiuen her and she desired to sinne no more, and now did grace so woork in her loue, that faine she would see her Lord a little more: but alas her Lord vvas dead, to other perhaps, but not to her, and see how faith vvrought in her affection, her heart had light before her eyes, shee vvent through the dark and came to the place ere it vvas day.

The

The diuell watcheth in the light to lead his followers into darknes and ſhall not wee watch thorough darknes to ſeeke Chriſt in the light? *Iudas* watcht all day to betraye his Maſter in the night, but *Mary* watcheth all night to come to her Maſter in the day: Oh ſweete bleſſing of God where faith wrought loue and loue dutie, and all came together to bring *Mary* to *Chriſt*: and except with theſe we followe her, wee ſhall neuer come to him: but *Mary* was a woman, and ſhal men follow women? why her happines came from God, and ſhall not wee follow her to her happines? but *Mary* was a ſinner, and what fleſh is righteous? and *Mary* was repentant, and what more proofe of election? and *Mary* loued *Chriſte*, and what more ioy in a Chriſtian? now not offending men; let mee thus farre ſpeake in the commendation

dation of godly women: if the firſt ſpokē off in the ſcripture offended God; the laſt ſpoken off, looued *Chriſt:* If *Heuah* vvas an accurſed vvife, *Mary* vvas a bleſſed virgine: If ſhee vvere full of ſinne; *Marie* vvas ful of grace: If *Eue* vvas tempted by the diuel, *Mary* vvas ſaluted by the Angell: And if *Eue* bare a vvicked Son *Cain*, *Mary* brought a bleſſed Son *Chriſt*: novv though this vvas not that *Mary* that bare *Chriſt*, yet this vvas ſhe that loued *Chriſt*, & for a vvorld of ſuch godly women as are left examples to their poſterities & ſex in all Ages: I would be loath to ſpend time in recounting their names, which truly ſet downe, might make a Cathalogue of worthy memorie: but I ſpeake to all beloued men & women, thinke it no ſcorne to follow *Marie* in her early riſing to ſeeke *Chriſt*: for to riſe early is holſome

for

for the bodie, & to walke to *Christ* is comfortable to the ſoule, ſuche exerciſe is better than any phyſick, & ſuch a trauail brings the beſt reſt.

Now Mary *came early in the morning while it was yet darke:* ſurely, ſin dooth much darken our eyes, that wee cannot ſee the way to Chriſt yet repentaunce gaue *Mary* ſuch a light that ſhee found the way to his ſepulchre, and ſurelye wee muſt haue our lampes fedde with the oyle of her Lords grace, or we ſhall neuer finde the way to her ſoules comfort: when *Peeter* and *Iames* were taken vp into the heauens & ſaw *Chriſt* in his glory, ſtanding betwixt *Moſes* and *Eliah* he could ſay, *Heer is good beeing Lord*, but after hee was crucified, who ſought him at his ſepulchre? *Mary:* Many would perhaps bee glad to riſe earely to go vp to heauen to him, but who will goe thorough

rough the darke to ſeeke him at his graue? *Mary* did, and ſuch as *Mary* will: Oh bleſſed *Mary*, ſo may I well tearme thee, for as the *Pſalmiſt* ſaith in his *Pſalme*. *Bleſſed are they that ſeeke him with their whole heart*: & in that was ſhe ſurely bleſſed, for ſhee ſought him with her whole heart, by the light of her ſoules loue, orels being in the dark ſhe woulde haue hardlye hitte the way: but now, where tought ſhe him? at his ſepulchre where he was buryed: ſee heer the ſtrong effects of loue, liuing or dead, ſhee could not forget her Lord: dead ſhe ſaw him, buryed ſhee knewe hee was; & why did ſhe then ſeek for him? loue could not forget him, & ſorrowing to liue without him, aliue or dead ſhe wold be glad to ſe him: Now ſtil note the force of loue in the elect. A woman in nature fearefull was now valiant, the darkneſs

nes vncomfortable, ſhee thorow the dark ſought her comfort, and amongſt the graues of the dead ſought the comfort of her life: here was loue voide of feare, and faith void of doubt, brought a ſpirit ful of ſorrowe to ſeeke her light in the darke, and *Mary* full of griefe to ſeeke her Lord in his graue. *Now Mary came early while it was darke, the firſt day of the weeke vnto the Sepulcher.* Manie will riſe earely to looke to their Chickens, their Geeſe, their Duckes, their Swine, or ſuch other things, but al things muſt be looked ouer, ere *Chriſt* be thought vpon, and perhappes not then neyther: But as it is written in *Luke, Chap. 10. verſ. 41. 42. Martha* was troubled much about her worke, but *Mary* tooke the good parte: ſo manye take earely iournies, but *Mary* here made the good walke: Now though ſhe came to

ſeeke

ſeeke him where hee was buried, yet in hir hart ſhe beheld him crucified; for who ſees not his death in the ſorrow of his hart, I am perſwaded ſhall neuer find him liuing in the ioy of his ſoule: But he was crucified for *Maries* and our redemption, and ſhall not wee with Mary mourne for his Paſsion? Yes let vs with Maries loue looke into his Mercie, and following hir ſorrow, wee ſhall finde hir comfort; and though not at the firſt as wee wiſh, yet at the laſt as ſhe did: For if we watch the darke night of ſin that wee ſleepe not in ſenſualitie, but riſe early to repentance, and walke with a true faith to the finding of our ſoules felicitie, when we haue gone thorough the dark, and attended the day, wee ſhall ſee the ſtone rowled away, and ſomewhat left for our comforte, when the hardnes is rowled from

our hearts, we ſhall enioy the bleſſing of our ſoules : Which that we may the better attaine vnto, let vs watch with Mary , walke with Mary , and weepe with Mary , riſe early, goe thorough the darke, and come to the Sepulcher to ſeeke Chriſt in his graue , ere wee looke for him in his glorie : and though it bee long ere wee ſee his Perſon, yet ſhall wee quickly be partakers of hir comforte : For ſhee, as you ſhall hereafter heare (Godwilling) ſawe him , but knewe him not ; ſo ſhall wee bee ſure of his Mercy though we ſee him not : Will you then come to Chriſt ? Learne to imitate Mary in hir courſe : Who hath many ſinnes , and findeth much remiſsion , let his loue bee great, and his ſorrowe not little, to lacke the comforte of his loue : Chriſt is offended, Chriſt muſt forgiue ; Chriſt muſt be loued, Chriſt

muſt

must be sought, and that early, for feare wee come too late, and since wee cannot behold him with our eyes of corruption, let vs holde him in the heart of our regeneration; let the first day of the weeke be the first beginning of our youth lest when wee growe olde either our spirites be so dull, or our eyes so dimme, that we shall not be able to rise, or at least to walke to seeke Christ: Christ dwels a great way from the worlde, and hee that is ouerladen with sinne, must shake off his burthen, or hee will neuer come at heauen; and hee or shee that will not in the sorrow of their sinnes rise vp to repentance, and in Christ his Passion learne the power of Mortification, they may perhaps heare much of him, and pray much to him, but I doubt whether they shall euer come neere him.

Learne then of Mary whom to loue, *Christ* : Why? for his goodnes in forgiuenes of hir sins,& the feeling of his Mercy; then louing *Christ*, learne hir sorrowe to bee without him ; with hir sorrowe, hir labour to rise early to seeke him;the place where to finde him, at his Sepulchre : I meane in the Mortification of the flesh , that you may glorifie him in the spirite; who in forgiuenes of sinnes, and redemption of sinners ; in comforting the penitent , and blessing the faithfull in the perfection of loue, deserueth all honour , to whome sweete Iesu , the blessed sonne of the euerliuing God, with our heauenly father and the holy Ghost, bee all Glory , Honour and Prayse, both now and euer , Amen.

Vppon

Mary Magdalens Loue.

Vppon the seconde verse, which is as followeth.

The Text.

Then shee ran, and came to Simon Peter, *and to the other Disciple whom Iesus loued, and said vnto them, they haue taken away my Lorde out of the Sepulcher, and we know not where they haue laid him.*

IN this Verse I take foure especiall notes: First, hir running; then to whome shee ranne; then how shee spake; and last

last what shee said.

In the former verse it is said, she came to the Sepulcher, nowe in this verse it is said, sheeranne from the Sepulcher .. Shee came thorough the darke to seeke Christ in his deade Tombe; but nowe it is day, shee beginnes to runne to his Disciples, to tell what shee had seene, hoping perhaps of them to heare somewhat of him: See here a notable token of true Constancie in her loue, through the darke shee walked to seeke him at his graue; now in the light shee runs to his Disciples to enquire of him: So surely ought wee to doo, if in our owne cogitations wee finde him not as we desire, let vs runne to the Disciples to instruct our desires howe to seeke him: *Searche the Scriptures saith Christ, and there you shall reade of mee.*

So, the Scriptures wee must

ſearch, if we hope to finde Chriſt, but if wee bee ſo ignoraunt that wee cannot reade them, let vs then runne to his Miniſters, that can and will deliuer his Worde vnto vs, that by them we may be inſtructed to finde the beſt way vnto him.

Then ſhee ranne and told Simon Peter, *and the other Diſciple whom Ieſus loued.*

In this worde *Then* is a notable ſence to bee obſerued: Firſt ſhee came to the Sepulcher, and ſawe the ſtone rowled away from the Tombe, and then ſhee ranne and tolde the Diſciples; ſo wee muſt firſt looke into Chriſts buriall, by his buriall, I meane his whole Paſſion; and then if wee finde not his Reſurrection, wee muſt runne vnto his Miniſters for our inſtruction.

Againe I note here an excellent token of Modesty in Mary to bee obserued of all Godly creatures, as well men as women; it is not saide heere, that so soone as shee came to the Sepulcher, shee went in, or looked into the Sepulcher, but shee sawe the stone rowled away from the Tombe, and then shee ranne and tolde the Disciples: By a litle shee gathered more, the stone was rowled away, the graue was open, and him shee saw not, and therefore either he was gone, or els finding hir vnworthines to come so neere as his Tombe, shee would not looke in, but shee woulde first tell his Disciples what shee had seene, to heare what they would say to her.

Howe excellent a note is this of Modesty, for all Godly women & men that are zealously giuen, to runne to Gods Ministers to enquire

quire of Christ, and to bee instructed in his will, ere they diue too deepe into the secretes of his holy Scriptures.

Then shee ranne, and came to Simon Peter, and the other Disciple whom Iesus loued, and saide vnto them: Heere are you to note an excellent point of Modesty in Mary, to be carefully obserued thogh shee ranne from the Sepulcher, yet shee came to the Disciples: Though she ranne while she was out of sight, yet shee came when shee was in sight of the Disciples: shee ranne not hir selfe out of breath, to tell hir tale out of order; but after that shee had runne the time of hir loue, she came in good time for hir comfort; as (Godwilling) you shall heare hereafter.

Now it is not said, shee cryed, or sighed, or sobbed, and coulde not speake a worde, or as a body halfe

destraught,

deſtraught, laide holde on the Diſciples, to haile them to the place where ſhee had beene, but when ſhee came to them ſhee ſaide; which worde *ſaide*, encludeth a kinde of diſcreete deliuery of ſpeeche: As wee commonly ſay in our Courtes, when a ſpeech is well deliuered, if vpon any occaſion of the hearers conſideration the ſpeaker be interrupted, when the cauſe is thought vppon hee is bidden ſay on: In ſpeaking oft we heare added vnto this worde ſpeak, either lowd or ſoftly, diſtinctly or plainely; but to ſaying I find none of theſe: but I finde written the ſayings of the wiſe. Yea, Chriſt himſelfe, in heauen and earth, the glory of all wiſedome, vſeth that worde in many places, as *Verelie, verelie, I ſay vnto you, &c.* Many places coulde I ſette downe where this worde is vſed to beautefie

tesie the speeche, with the Modestie in the deliuery. But I will leaue them to the Readers leysure; and I woulde wish that all men and women woulde learne to imitate Mary in this manner of hir speaking, to talke as shee did of Christ and to his Ministers, to learne their instruction for their knowledge of him. Then would there not bee so many wicked men and women, Witches and Sorcerers, Gluttons, Drunkards, Adulterers, Thieues, Traytours, and Murtherers, besides other vayne and idle headed people, and blasphemers of GODS most holy name, so daylie and howerlie exercised as they commonly are, in most vile and filthy talke, too intollerable to be heard of any Christian, leauing to thinke either of Christ his word or his Disciples, and wilfully runne

headlong to the diuell and his followers, and will rather laugh at Mary, and runne to the diuel, than weepe with Mary to come to Christ: But God for his mercies sake, turne their hearts, and with them giue vs all grace to goe with Mary to Christs Tombe, to runne with Mary to his Disciples, and to returne with Mary to our comfort: But of that we will (by Gods grace) speak more hereafter.

Nowe shee came to the Disciples and sayde, they haue taken away my Lorde, and I knowe not where they haue laid him: Note here now the cause, that led Mary to the Disciples: Hir Lord she mist, & faine she would see him, but knowing not where to seeke him, shee thought it hir best way to goe to his Disciples to enquire of him: To seeke in the Heauens, alas shee was too great

great a ſinner to looke ſo high for him; in the earth to ſeeke him were in vaine, for the ſtone was rowled away from the Toombe, and therefore he was ſurely ſtolne away; and in the worlde to ſeeke him, alas it is too baſe a place for ſo Royall a Preſence; hauing before his death ſo vngratefully entertayned him. Nowe neither in the Heauens, the Earth, nor the World; alas, where ſhoulde ſhee enquire after him? If not of any of his Diſciples: And therefore to them ſhee ranne, and to them ſhe ſaid, *They haue taken away my Lord and I knowe not where they haue laid him.* For many cauſes dooth the Lorde abſent himſelfe from vs, that wee may conſider howe wee haue loſt him, and ſeeke howe to finde him: If we looſe him by ſin, we muſt ſeeke him by repentance, and wee ſhall finde him by faith;

but

but wee muſt ſeeke him as Mary did, runne to his Diſciples to enquire of him, and ſo ſhall wee the better come to him.

Nowe touching the Diſciples ſhee came vnto; one thing I eſpecially note in the naming of them: *Simon Peeter and the Diſciple whom Ieſus loued*. Though all the Diſciples were called by the eſpeciall grace and power of the holy Ghoſt, to the true ſeruice of GOD, in the adminiſtration of his holy worde, yet here I note them two eſpecially named: For to which of his Diſciples did hee ſay as hee ſaid to *Peter*? when hee confeſſed him to bee the ſonne of the liuing God? as it is written in the ſixteenth Chapter of the Goſpell of Saint *Matthew*, and ſixteenth verſe: Fleſhe and bloode hath not reuealed this vnto thee, thou ſhalt be called *Cephas*, which

is

is by interpretation a ſtone . And vppon this Rocke will I build my Church : Not vppon *Peter* , but *Peters* confeſsion . And againe, to which of them did he ſay as hee ſaide to *Peter* three times ; Doſt thou loue mee *Peter?* Feede my flocke. Doſt thou loue me *Peter?* Feede my Lambes , &c. Who though hee anſwered him to both his queſtions , with Lorde thou knoweſt I loue thee; yet hee treabled his queſtion againe , asking him , Doſt thou loue mee *Peter?* And when hee had receiued his anſwere , that Lorde thou knoweſt all thinges , and thou knoweſt I loue thee : Hee gaue him this commandement, Feed my Lambs nowe , if wee bee Lambes of Chriſtes flocke , where ſhall wee looke for the milke of his mercie, but out of the booke of his moſt holy and ſacred Scriptures,& who

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can interprete them vnto vs? But his learned and holy Ministers, and such as will shewe Christe their loue in instructing his flocke. Such a Disciple was Peter, and such a Lambe was Mary: God sende vs many such Lambs as Mary, to run to such Disciples as Peter, to talke of nothing but Christ.

Now the other was hee whom my Texr sayth Iesus loued: and Christ beeing hir loue, of whome shoulde shee better enquire after him, than of his beloued? See then, what is the cause that first leads vs vnto Christ? Loue: How shall we seeke him? but goe to his Ministers for our instruction; who by the true administration of his holy Worde, doo manifest themselues to bee the beloued of his Mercie.

Learne then of Mary when to seeke Christe, the first day of the

weeke,

weeke, in the beginning of our daies, then thorough the darkenes of ſinne, to breake out into the day light of Grace; then where to ſeeke him, in his Tombe; if there you finde him not, runne to his Diſciples to enquire for him; and to which of them? thoſe that by the diſcharge of their dueties, are moſt likely to be his beloued: and thus if you will bee guided by the line of hir loue, I doo not doubt, but you ſhall come to hir comfort; which as hirs was, let ours bee, in the onely ſight of our moſt bleſſed Sauiour, ſweete Ieſus Chriſt, the light that will leade vs through the darke, the life that will raiſe vs vp from death, and the loue that will giue vs life for euer: to whome in his Redeemer, in his holy ſpirite our comforter, and all in one, our Lorde, King, and euerliuing, almighty GOD, bee aſcribed

and giuen all Honour, Prayse,
Dominion, and Glory, both
nowe and for euer,
Amen.

Mary Magdalens Loue.

Vpon the foure, fiue, ſixe, ſeauen and eighth verſes, which are as followeth.

The Text.

Peter therefore went foorth and the other Diſciple, and they came vnto the Sepulcher: So they ranne both, but the other Diſciple did outrunne Peter, and came firſt to the Sepulcher.

And hee ſtooped downe, but went not in; then came Simon Peter following him, and ſawe the linnen cloathes lie, and the kerchiefe that was vpon his head, &c. Then

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went in also the other Disciple which came first, and saw and beleued.

IN these verses I note foure chiefe pointes to be considered; the cause of their going forth, the cause of their running, why the other Disciple outranne *Peter*, & the cause why comming first to the Sepulcher, hee stooped downe, but went not in.

Peter therefore went forth and the other Disciple, and came to the Sepulcher: When *Marie* had told them what shee had seene; it is not said, they presently beleeued; but they went forth: For though shee told a truth, yet they would see, & thē beleeue: for it is said they went forth and came to the sepulcher: It should seeme, and very likelye that

that they had ſome remembrance of Chriſtes wordes, ſpoken before vnto them touching his paſſion, & reſurrection, the third daye, and therefore conferring their memories with her wordes, they were the readier to goe forth to try the truth of her report: Nowe *Mary* being a woman, and ſo great a ſinner as ſhe had bin, it was likely ſhe ſhould not obtaine any great credite with the Diſciples of Chriſte: But, *Truth* in whoſe mouth ſoeuer it be, deſerues well to bee entertained: and nowe the Diſciples not hauing any knowledge to the contrarie, woulde not ſticke at a little trauaile to try the truth of her ſpeech: and therefore it is ſaid they went forth: You ſee here ſhe was not blamed for her reporte, nor doe wee finde as yet ſhee was beleeued, but only approued: ſo that hereby we are to learne what

to report, and alwaies to tel truth, and to trie out a truth, ere we giue credite to a report: but if the talke be of Christ and the reporte from the faithfull, and that conferring it with the Scriptures, we finde any likelyhood of truth, wee muſt not regard who it be, man or woman, but goe with them for their comfort to the triall of their cauſe: It ſhould ſeeme now they heard it of none, but of Mary, for as it is ſaide of none but of Marie that came earlie to the Sepulcher, and from thence ranne to the Diſciples and told them what ſhe had ſeene; ſo it is not like that ſhe had told anie but the Diſciples, for if ſhee had, ſome or other would haue beene with the Diſciples before her: or els haue beene at the Sepulcher, before ſhee had retained with thē; but the Diſciples not hearing of it, by any other, (as I ſaid before) calling

ling to memorie, ſome of Chriſtes ſpeeches deliuered vnto them before, to trie out the truth, they went forth, and came to the Sepulcher: Nowe here is neyther a beleefe, nor diſtruſt, a reprehenſion nor commendation, but a proofe: and of whome? a woman, and in what? of a truth, touching the reſurrection, or at leaſt as ſhee thought of the remoouing of Chriſt: But of that I meane (God willing, to intreate more hereafter: but to my Text: *Peter therefore went forth, and the other Diſciples, and came to the Sepulcher.* What an encounter argumēt may this be to all men & women to tell truth, when the Diſciples of Chriſt vpon the report of Mary, would go forth with hir, & not return till they cam to the ſepulcher: we read that *Ananias* & his wife wer both ſtroken dead for denying of their

and lying to the Disciples of *Christ*: yet here we see *Mary* for telling of a truth accompanied with the Disciples vnto the graue of *Christ*: learne therefore how dangerous a thing it is to lie vnto the Disciples of *Christ*, especially in naming of *Christ*, the God of all truth, and how gratious a thing it is in man or woman to come to the Disciples with a truth, or to enquire of any truth touching *Christ*: & thus much touching the cause of the Disciples going forth, and comming to the Sepulcher: Now is it saide here, they ran both, but the other Disciple out ran *Peter*: a light beleefe will make many men and women to runne them selues out of breath to see a May game, a Beare-bayting, or a bauble not worth the looking after, but heere was no such report, and therefore coulde bee no such beleefe: and there-

therefore woulde to God the idle heades of the world would turne their mindes to better matters & leaue ſuch toyes, as are but ſnares of the diuell, & harken vnto the truth that may bring thē to *Chriſt*: and rather bee delighted to talke with the Miniſters of Gods holye worde, of the paſſion of Chriſt, & to ſeeke him in his worde; than to runne with wicked people to ſee a foole in a play: but learne of Marie, what to ſay, whither to goe, & what to doe? Seeke Chriſt, bee inſtructed by his Diſciples, and goe with them to his Sepulcher: Firſt learne to be mortified, or els neuer looke to be glorified: Nowe it is ſaid that the other Diſciple whom Ieſus loued out ran the other: ſo that the verie loue in the ſpirite, that he had vnto the Lord, was it that carried him to the Sepulcher to ſee what he had hard, or might

become

become of his Maſter: and ſurelie, the greater meaſure of loue, that God infuſeth into the ſoule of man, by the inſpiration of his holy ſpirit, the greater ſhall bee his, or her deſire, and the ſwifter to come to him, his Sepulcher, or his holie word: the true teſtimonie of his eternall mercie. Firſt it is ſaid, they went forth, now they ranne, ſo we ſee hereby, that once entred into the way to Chriſt, wee will euen runne to get to him, at leaſt if wee be lead by the ſame ſpirit that Marie and the Diſciples were: otherwiſe if once in the way wee looke backe, we ſhall euer be vnworthy to finde the path againe to our comfort: but to the former words, *So they ran both, but the other Diſciple outranne Peter*: Of all contentions, I finde it the beſt, to contend for the ſoules comfort; & of all races, the beſt running to Chriſt:

marie

manie run after their dogges, hunting all day for a hare, and perhaps go without her at night; other run their horſes for the bell, and tire them, or kill them ere night; many run for a wager, that breake their hart in the courſe, that they are neuer able to goe againe: too manie runne from their Countries, that ſield or neuer returne good Chriſtians; but too fewe run to the Diſciples of Chriſt, or with his Diſciples to his Sepulcher: but as I ſaid before, Marie did, and ſuch as Marie will: ſhee ran to them to tell of Chriſt, & ſhee came with them to heare of Chriſt, would to God we cou'd & would ſo run, & ſo talke as Mary did, that Chriſt might bee the delight of our talke & the end of our trauaile: Alas poore wretches that we are, how vile & corrupt is this nature of ours? that we are ſo blinde that we cannot, or ſo

blinded that wee will not ſee the way that leads vs to Chriſt, and if God of his mercie haue opened our eyes, ſo that wee ſee the way, yet wee are ſo lazily lame, as that we had rather ſleepe out the day in idlenes, or looſe the whole yere in wantonnes, or in all wicked & filthy beaſtlines, ſpend the whole time of our yeres, rather than trauaile one mile, nay ſtep one foot, or ſtay one minute, eyther to talke of Chriſt, or come to his Diſciples: wee will runne to a playe, where perhaps we may haue our purſes pickt, or to football, where wee may haue our ſhinnes broken, or to a fray where wee may haue our heads broken, or a worſe matter: but to come to Chriſt our ſpirituall Treaſure, our Creator, Redeemer, our peace, health, and ſoules Chirurgen, who will runne, or is almoſt willing to ſtirre a fote? But

here

here it is ſaide his Diſciples ranne, and ſurely who will be his Diſciple muſt run, or els it is ſo far a walke, that they will hardly euer come to him: Nowe as it is thought, *Peter* was the elder, and not ſo light of the body, yet ſuch was his loue, that it is ſaide, they ranne both: ſo that old and young muſt run: now marke further, what I gather in theſe two running together: *Peter* was old and faithfull, the other in his loue eyther baſhfull or feare-full: for it is ſaid when he came to the Sepulcher, he ſtooped downe and ſawe the linnen clothes lying, but went not in: See heere the excellent care of this Diſciple: either baſhfulnes, that beeing the younger, he ſhould preſume to goe in before the elder, or to auoide a vaine glorie of boldneſſe without aduiſe, or fearing to offend to goe in without counſaile: It is ſaid hee

ſtooped

ſtooped downe & ſaw the linnen clothes, but went not in: Note heere an excellent warning for yong heads that are either zealous in Religion, or learned in the holy Scriptures, to learne by this Diſciple how to run to Chriſt; let them take their elders with them, and do nothing without them or their aduiſe: and if they come to anye perfection, yet let them giue place to their elders, in anye thing that may bring them to Chriſt: for ſo did the beloued of God, the Diſciple here ſpoken of: Againe here we may note an excellent agreement between them, though *Iohn* outranne *Peter*, yet hee ſtayed for him at the ſepulcher: & ſeemd not angry nor ſaide any thing to him for his ſlow comming, nor laught at him for his ſtiffe runing, but that he ſtayed and went not in, neither doe I finde that *Peter* was angrie with

with his outrunning of him, nor ſmild at his feare (as it ſhuld ſeeme) of his ſtay, that he durſt not goe in till he came; for being led both by the power of one ſpirit, they geſt thus farre each of others minde: Loue was of moſt force to bring him to the Sepulcher, but faith made *Peter* more valiant to goe in into the Sepulcher: yet no doubt but they both had faith, and both had loue: or els *Maries* report had not made them run ſo faſt thither: For the commendation of the one, what can bee ſaide more of faith, then that which Chriſt himſelfe ſaid vnto *Peter*, vpon his confeſſion of him, to be the ſonne of the liuing God, vpon that rocke he woulde build his Church: and for the other, what more proofe of his loue? vnto any creature liuing, than in the Reuelation of his Diuine will? as in the holy word you

may

may reade moſt ſweetly expreſſed. Learne then I ſaie to run with the loue of *Ioh.* but venter not in without the faith of *Pet. Iohn* perhaps might doubt manie things, that the graue might bee cloſed when hee were in, for his preſumption, in going in without authoritie, & yet not being forbidden at leaſt to his owne remembrance, he might be the leſſe afraide what woulde followe of his aduenture: but while loue prickt him forward, and feare puld him backe, comes *Peter* to the place, and goes in to the Sepulcher: Here is the old ſaying diſannulled, *firſt come, firſt ſerued*; no, for here you ſee *Peter* came laſt, but he firſt went in; and ſawe the kerchiefe, and the linnen clothes lie, & the kerchiefe that was wrapped together by it ſelfe: then went in the other Diſciple, which came firſt to the ſepulcher: and hee ſaw it,

it, and beleeued. In theſe laſt wordes, you may ſee the cauſe, why he went not in: not that hee beleeued not at all, but that his faith was not yet of that force, that Peters was: For Peter knowing the Sea woulde not ſwallowe him, when he threwe himſelfe into it to come to Chriſt liuing; had now no fear that the earth would ſhut her mouth vpon him, for going in where he had beene buried: And therefore boldly he went in, and then went in alſo the other Diſciple, who ſaw it and beleeued: Heere will I onely trouble you with one note more touching faith, you ſee howe loue brought Mary early in the morning while it was yet darke to the Sepulcher, made her runne to the Diſciples to tell what ſhe had ſeene, made the Diſciples to runne to make tryall of the truth, and laſt made Iohn to

outrunne *Peter*, in the race to the Sepulcher, but where al this while was faith? weake in *Mary* by reason of her sinnes, weake in *Iohn* by reason of his youth, but strong in *Peter* by reason of his comfort; so are there no doubte nowe a daies, many that are forward and zealous in Religion, that yet doo lacke that strength of faith that *Peter* had: for though a number perhaps would runne with *Mary* to his Sepulcher, & to his Disciples to talke of him, yet who will venter to go into his graue? or will throw himselfe into the Sea? in Loue to come to him as *Peter* did? Now it followes they saw and beleeued; and why nowe more than before is it said they sawe and beleeued? because as yet they knewe not the Scriptures, that hee must rise againe from the dead: Lo, here is a good excuse for the weakenesse

of

of their faith; but what excuſe can bee laide downe for vs? nay what ſhame is it for vs, that hauing the teſtimonye of their truth; ſeene by them, and written by them to vs, and for vs, that wee will not reade the holie Scriptures, or reading, ſo little beleeue them, or beleeuing, ſo little regarde them, that wee maye iuſtlie bee ſaide to bee without eyther faith, or loue, eyther to ſeeke or finde Chriſt, or almoſt to heare or thinke of him, eyther in his woorde, his Sepulcher or his mercie? but God for his mercy ſake, turn our harts, and inſpire our ſoules, with the gratious power of his glorious holy ſpirit, that running from the ſincke of ſin, we may come to the ſepulcher of Chriſt, and that with *Maries* ſorrow, *Iohns* loue, & *Peters* faith, we may riſe earlie, in the prime of our yeares and through

the darke of ſinne breake out into the day light of grace, that maie bring vs to the ſight of our ſoules comfort in the reſurrection of our bleſſed Sauiour, to whome nowe ſitting at the right hand of God, in all abſolute power, wiſedome, peace, grace, and mercie, truth, bountie, loue, life, and glory, with our heauenly Father and his holie ſpirite one Almightie and euerliuing God; bee aſcribed, and giuen all due honor, praiſe dominion, and glorie: both now, and for euer: Amen.

The

The Text.

And the Disciples went againe to their owne home: but Mary stood without at the sepulcher weeping, & as she wept, she bowed herselfe into the Sepulcher, and saw two Angels sitting one at the head & the other at the feete, where the bodie of Iesus had laine: and they said vnto her, woman, why weepest thou? She saide vnto them, they haue taken away my Lord, & I know not where they haue laide him: when she had thus said, shee turned her selfe backe, and sawe Iesus standing, and knew not that it was Iesus: Iesus saith vnto hir,

woman, why weepeſt thou? whom ſeekeſt thou? She ſuppoſing it had bin the gardner ſaid vnto him. If thou haſt borne him hence, tell me where thou haſt laid him, and I will take him away,

Ieſus ſaith vnto her, Mary; ſhe turned her ſelfe, and ſaith vnto him Rabony: which is to ſay Maſter.

Earelie beloued in our Sauiour Chriſt, yee haue hearde before of the Diſciples comming to the Sepulcher, with *Mary*, yee haue heard of *Iohns* outrunning of *Peter*, and of *Peters* firſt going in into the Sepulcher; yee haue I hope, noted the fruites of faith, and loue in the elect children of God, in briefe to

ſeeke

ſeeke Chriſt, either aliue, or dead; that learning to die with him, wee may bee aſſured to liue with him: Now ye ſee what is here ſaid, *The Diſciples went home againe*: when they had tried the truth of her report, and that their eyes were witnes of more, than *Mary* had yet in her wordes deliuerd, (for that ſhe had not yet preſumed either to goe in, or ſo much, as to looke in into the Sepulcher:) they returned home without hauing further conference with her, rather willing to leaue her mourning for her loue, than to fill her head full of doubts, what might become of hir Lord: and therefore it is ſaid, they returned to their owne home, neither commending her for her truth, nor giuing her thankes for her report ſhee had made, nor aduiſing her to ſeeke further after him, nor counſayling her to ſtaye

there longer for him: but, beeing them ſelues ignoraunt where to ſeeke him, they left her to Gods pleaſure, to diſpoſe eyther of her ſtaie there, or her departure from thence: by this I gather, that if we ſhall enquire of the miniſters of Gods holy worde, touching anye ſuch point, as in the holie Scriptures is not laid downe, wee muſt not take it amiſſe, if we be left vnto the mercie of Gods holie ſpirit, for the reuelation of his holy will, rather than to fill our heades with ſuch cogitations, as neyther the ſcriptures doe warrant, may perhappes pleaſe God, nor fall out to our comfort: but yet, let vs with *Mary* go to the Diſciples of Chriſt, to enquire and learne of them, what wee may for our comforte, but if we can not be reſolued, then let vs run to Chriſt with inceſſant praier, that wee may aske and receiue

ceiue at the handes of his mercie, that he ſhall in his ſacred wiſdome finde to bee moſt to his glorie and our comfort: And thus much of the Diſciples returning againe to their own home: now it followes, but *Marie* ſtood without at the ſepulcher weeping, & as ſhe wept, ſhe bowed her ſelfe into the ſepulcher: See here, as I haue ſaide before three excellent notes to bee obſerued, in the loue of *Mary* to her Lord Chriſt: *Conſtancie*, *Modeſtie*, and *Humil..ie*: *Conſtancie*, in that, though the Diſciples returned home, ſhee ſtayed ſtill; *Modeſtie*, in that ſhe ſtood, (as it is ſaide) without at the Sepulcher; *Humilitie*, that ſhee bowed her ſelfe to looke in; but would not preſume to goe in, though the Diſciples had beene there before her: how little is this firſt part of commendation, in *Maries* loue at theſe daies followed;

lowed; Let them to whom God hath giuen Grace to finde it in them ſelues, in ſorrowfull ſighes confeſſe it to his mercie, and with teares of true repentance; amend it to his Glorie: Oh Conſtancie the true Teſtimonie of the harts loue, and the ſuereſt token of the ſoules comforte, to loue Chriſt is a bleſſed gift of the holy Ghoſt, but to continue Conſtant to the end is an eſpeaciall fruite of Gods fauour.

Oh Conſtant loue of *Mary*, that hauing once waſht his feet, would now fil his Tomb with her teares: Oh rare Modeſtie, that in his life would but lie at his feete vnder the Table, and now was ſo baſhfull, as to ſtand without at the ſepulcher: And, Oh moſt excellente Humillitie, that woulde preſume no further, but to looke in: See here the heauenlie loue of this

this bleſſed woman, how much it differs from the vile nature of our worldlings loue.

We daylie ſee before our eyes, that the wiſeſt Prince; the moſte Godlie preacher; the moſt louing parents; the moſt bountifull Maſter; the moſt kinde kinſman; and the moſt faithfull friende; If they dye, howe ſoone are they forgotten? if they bee of anye account, I meane according to the worldes eſtimation; that their heires maye bee the better for them, then perhaps they will take this order, and bee at this charge for them: the Lawyer ſhall make his Will, the Sexton hys graue, the Preacher ſhall make a Sermon for him, the pariſh ſhall haue a Feaſte for him, the Miniſter ſhall bee paide for buriall of him, and a few weare Blacke weedes for him, and ſo there is no more adoe for him:

But

But where are the teares of Loue all this while: alas there is no ſuch cauſe, there is more gotten by his death, than by his life: rather weepe that hee liued ſo long, than that he died ſo ſoone: is it not too true that in manie places, it is daylie ſeene, the childe is ſicke of the Mother, and wiſheth his Father in his graue, ere he can learne to bee a ſon, or leaue to be a Childe? are not many Subiects vnkinde, that will rather ſeeke the death of a Prince, than weepe for his want: are not thoſe kin too ſtrange in nature, that are not onely continually in lawe, but ſeeke one anothers life for their lands? are not thoſe ſeruaunts moſt wicked, that had rather wiſh for a mourning coate for a dead Maſter, than a cognizaunce for the liuing, and will rather betray him to his death, than weepe for him when hee is gone?

And

And are not thoſe friendes moſte faithleſſe, that will rather giue a Iudas kiſſe, than ſhedde *Ioſephs* teares? I woulde there were no ſuch people, but if there be, God of his goodnes giue them grace, with *Mary* to repent them of their wickednes, and with *Mary* to ſhed the teares of loue, that maye bee witnes of her faith: and continuing in her *Conſtancie*, with feare of preſumption, they maye make proofe of ſuch *Humilitie* as was her commendation, and may bee their comfort. How much this vertue of *Conſtancie* is commended in diuers places of the holye Scriptures, yee may read, as in *Geneſis* the fift Chap. and fourteenth verſe. *Henoſh*, for his long walking with God, was taken vppe in the heauens: *Eliah* for his conſtant faithfulnes was taken vpp into the heauens. *Geneſis*, the two and twentie

twentie Chapter and seuenteenth verse. *Abraham* for his constant loue was called the Father of the faithfull, and had the promise of the Almightie, that of his blessed seede should come the blessed *Messias*. *Noah*, *Genesis*, Chapter seuen, and thirteenth verse, for his Constancie was saued with all his Familie, when all the worlde was drowned, that were not in the Arke: *Dauid* for his Constancie was left vnto vs a figure of Christ: the three Children in the fornace, for their Constancie, were preserued in the fire. *Ier.* the eight and thirtieth Chapter and tenth verse, *Ieremie*, for his Constancie, was deliuered from the Dungeon; *Iob.* the one and fortieth Chapter, and twelfth verse, for his Constancie, was restored to his health, & made more happie than euer hee was, *Paul*, for his Constancie, was rapt into

into the heauens, where hee ſawe Chriſt in his glorie: *Steuen* the holy Martir of God, did ſhine like an Angell at the time of Martirdome: and *Mary* here for her Conſtancie, comes to the ſight of her Sauiour: but of this I will (God willing) ſpeake more fitly anone: Now for Modeſtie, tedious it were to trouble you with many places of commendation, laid downe in the holie Scriptures touching that vertue, though ſome of them I thinke it not good to omit: *Sara* was commended for her Modeſtie, in calling hir husband ſir: *Rebeccha* for couering her face, when ſhee ſaw *Iſaach*: *Heſter*, for her modeſty was ſaid to haue hir face ſhine, whoſe baſhfull feare ſo pleaſed the King *Aſſuerus*, that he laid his ſcepter on hir necke, and kiſſed hir, and held her in his armes till her trance was ouer,

ouer: And here you see her Modestie so pleased God, that he sent his Aungels to comfort her: for you see what followes. *And shee bowed her selfe downe and sawe two Angels, the one sitting at the head, and the other at the feete;* O would to God that all women woulde learne this Modestie of *Mary*! then would they not so oftē fall into such p[illegible]prion, as is manie times, a [illegible] of their confusion, & in steed of laughing with *Michol* to see *Dauid* daunce before the Arke of God, they would weep with *Mary* at the Sepulcher of Christ: Modestie would teach them to come to the Church with more deuotion, and to heare the worde with more reuerence, than I feare too manie doe now a daies: how vncomely a thing it is in a maiden, to be giggling and laughing, and how vngratious a thing it is for a woman,

man, to be tighing and babling, in the Temple of God, at the time of the reading, or preaching of his holie Goſpell: Alas what will they bee thought on among the wiſe? the one but an idle goſsip, and the other a fooliſh girle: but here you ſee *Mary* did none of theſe, and as I ſaid before, ſuch as *Mary* will doe none of theſe: Learne then of Mary to loue Chriſt, to bee Conſtant in louing Chriſt, and to vſe Modeſty in your loue to Chriſt: ſo ſhall you ſurelye pleaſe Chriſt, and I am fully perſwaded, bee moſt commended of Chriſtians: Nowe for Humilitie, what is more commended in the holy Scriptures? *Abells* ſacrifice was beſt accepted for his Humilitie, *Moſes* beloued for his Humility, *Abrahams* faith beſt regarded in his Humility, *Dauids* patience beſt conſidered in his Humility, *Salomons* requeſt granted for his Humility, *Nabuchadnezer* reſtored to Babell for his Humility, *Iob* beſt

tried, beloued, and made happie in his Humility, *Mary* the virgin, receiued the ſaluation of the Angell, and the abundance of Grace in her bleſſed wombe for her Humilitie, and Chriſt himſelfe for his Humilite to his Father, is glorified with his father: many places I omit, that ſhininglie ſet out the brightnes of this vertue, but indeed ſo manie are the rare and excellent properties of this moſt excellent vertue, as I thinke it paſt the capacity of man, to giue it halfe ſufficient commendation; yet thus much giuen haue to ſpeake mine opinion of it: It pleaſeth God aboue all thinges, it pleaſeth man in manye thinges, and diſpleaſeth the Godlye in nothing; at leſt wherin it ought to be ſhowen: It graceth the Prince to be humble towards God, it aduaunceth the Subiecte in ſeruice to the Prince, it draweth loue from the parents, in the Childrens obedience, it maketh the wife al one with her huſband

band, it bindeth friends in Amity, & perſwadeth enemies to peace, it wimeth Chriſt vnto his Church, and here you ſee, it bringeth the Angels to Mary: before ſhee ran to the Diſciples, & talked with them of Chriſt, telling them what ſhe had ſeen, now when they had ſeene what ſhee had reported, and were ſaid to beleeue, yet they left her, and went home againe: but what followed of her ſtay? Now the Diſciples had left her, the Aungels came to her: was not here a ſpeciall bleſſing of God? vnto ſo great a ſinner, that God regarding her ſorrow, ſent his Aungels for her comfort: Now let me a little touch one pointe that I haue ouerſlipt, touching Maries weeping, for it is ſaid: But Marie ſtaid weeping at the Sepulcher: and ſhe bowed her ſelfe; now in weeping I note fiue ſundrye kinds of teares: of anger, of ſubtilty, of ſorrow, of ioy, and of loue: ſome are ſaide to weepe for curſt hart, I

feare too manie know the nature of thoſe teares, but ſuch are ſaide to crie, not to weepe; for teares comming from the heart, doe ſo diſtill from the eyes, that they make no ſound on the tongue; Nowe Marie it is ſaide, ſtood weeping not crying: now there are teares of ſubtiltv, called crocodiles teares, which are ſaid to mourne and weepe, till they can bring their praier within the compaſſe of their calles, and then they ouerthrow them, ſting them to death and then feede vpon them: ſo may I ſay, are the te?.s of a harlot, who in her pouerty will ſeeme to weep for affection, far enough from her hart, til ſhe hath caught a ſole in her ſnare, and then ſhee will feede vpon him at her pleaſure: thus did not Mary, for the body was dead as ſhee thought, that ſhee wept for, the earth had no eyes to behold her teares, nor did ſhe ſee any man, that ſhe could think to deceiue with her weeping: no, no,

her

her hart was too full of sorrowe for the dead, to thinke to deceiue any liuing: Now there are teares of sorrowe, as when Peter had denied Christ, it was said hee wept bitterly, for sorrowe that hee had denied the knowledge of so good & deare beloued a Master: So it is saide Iesus wept ouer Ierusalem, to thinke on the destruction of the Cittie that shoulde after ensue: manie are the causes of sorrowe, that may bring teares out of the eyes of the moste wise and valiant that euer were; but the greatest cause that shoulde melt the heart of a Christian, should bee the sorrow of the soule for the denying of Christ: now there are teares of Ioy, as were those of Ioseph, when hee saw his Father and his Brethren: But so it should not seeme were Maries, who lookt for none but hir Master that shee could not see: Nowe there are teares of Loue, and those proceed of the kinde nature of the

hart, as Christ wept when hee sawe Lazarus dead, whom he loued, and now Mary wept when she saw her Lord dead, or at least, could not see him dead, or alive when shee liued: Mary was said to wash his feete with her teares, and wipe them with her haire when she was liuing: an excellent note of true loue, she borowed no water but her owne teares, nor any Towell but her owne haires: Now looke againe on her Humility, she vsed no towell I say but her haire and went no higher than his feete: and for her Humility and Loue, see what befell her: *And shee bowed herselfe into the Sepulcher, and sawe two Aungels sitting one at the head, and another at the feete where the bodie of Iesus had layne:* Nowe marke the degrees of comfort, that came vnto this humble louing Mary, *Shee came first to the Sepulcher to the Disciples, from the Disciples to the Aungels: and except Christ* she could goe no

no higher: Now a worde or two of the Aungels: and they ſaid vnto her, woman, why weepeſt thou? and ſhe ſaide vnto them, *They haue taken away my Lord, and I know not where they haue laide him:* Now ſome perhaps will haue a Ierk at this peece of Scripture, to pray to the Saintes ere they come to Chriſt: becauſe ſhe talked with the Aungels ere ſhee came to Chriſt himſelfe; but let thoſe ouerſeene wittes looke a little better into the matter: Firſt the Aungels came but to the graue, & ſeeing her there weeping, they aſked her but a queſtion in theſe words, woman? *VVhy weepeſt thou?* ſhe ſaide *they haue taken away my Lorde, and I knowe not where they haue laid him*: Here is no praier made vnto them, though they were Aungels, but ſhe onelie anſwered their queſtion, & ſo ended their talke; ſo if the Saints will come and ſpeake to them; let them aunſwere their queſtions and haue no more to

doe with them: for ſurely God will better appeare vnto them in his mercie, then aunſwere them by his Saintes, if they could deliuer him any meſſage; but let theſe blinded people take heede that theſe miſtaken Saints proue not Diuels that by illuſions lead them not from God, & his mercie, to their vtter confuſion both of body and ſoule; but let mee come againe to my text: *And ſhee bowed her ſelfe, and ſaw two Aungels ſitting, one at the head, and an other at the feete: where the bodie of Ieſus had laine, and they ſaid vnto her woman, why weepeſt thou? ſhee ſaide they haue taken away my Lord, & I knowe not where they haue laide him*: See now how much did her comfort exceed the *Diſciples*, they ſawe but the linnen clothes, and departed home againe; but ſhe ſtaid and was ſpoken to by the Aungels: but marke withall the care of her ſpeech, and ſubſtance of her talke, ſhe continues one tale,

tale, ſhee hath no minde but of one matter, no thought but of her loue, nor any loue but of her Lorde: no ioy but in him, no talke but of him, nor ſorrow but to bee without him: goe to whom ſhee would, come to her who wold, Diſciples or Angels, al was one for hir ſpeech, they could get nothing of her, but they haue taken away my Lord, and I know not where they haue laid him: See here nowe what a property, the faithfull claime in Chriſt, that they call him their Lord, as one would ſay, my Father, my ſonne, my friends, my houſe or my landes, ſo here ſayes Mary my Lord: who was more deare to her, than either Father, Mother, Siſter, Brother, kin, or friend, or all the houſes and landes of the world, and therefore with teares ſhe continues her ſorrow with theſe wordes: *They haue taken away my Lord, and I know not where they haue laide him.* But now ſee I pray you, what preſentlie

follows. Immediatelie in a moment ſhe turnes her ſelfe backe, and ſawe Ieſus, but knew not that it was Ieſus: Nowe marke I ſay the glorious reward of her Humilitie, from the Diſciples to the Aungels, from the Aungels to Chriſt him ſelfe; Now it is ſaid ſhee turned backe, as though ſhee was afraid, that ſhee had preſumed too farre, eyther in looking into the Sepulcher, or at leſt in talking to the Aungels: Oh Lord, how few will learne! I would many woulde followe this vertue of Humilitie in Mary; not to[illegible] too farre, nor to ſpeake till they be ſpoken to, & then to bee afraide to ſpeake too much: yea though it bee the beſt thing they can ſpeake off, I meane their true loue to Chriſt: but to drawe towards an end, marke what followes: Now ſhe comes neare her comfort; ſhee ſees her Saviour, and knowes him not: for when he ſaid vnto her, *VVoman why weepeſt thou? whome*

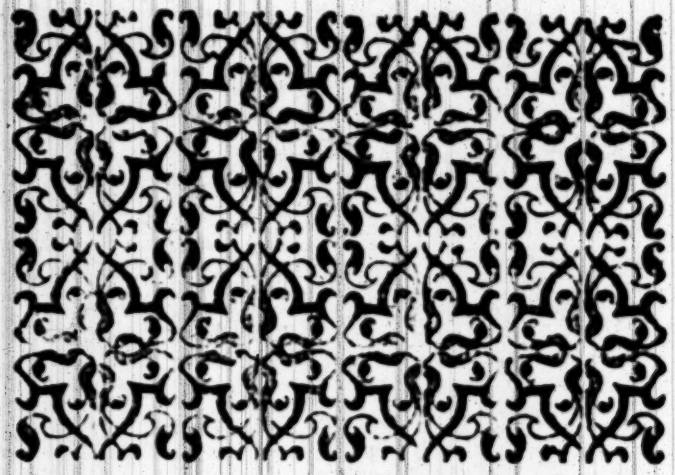
ſeekeſt

ſeekeſt thou? ſhe ſuppoſing it had bin the gardner, ſaid, *Sir if thou haſt borne him hence, tell me where thou haſt laid him, and I will take him away*: Thus in one word ſhe aunſwereth to both his queſtions, why ſhe wept & what ſhe ſought: ſhe ſought her Lorde, in ſorrow ſhe could not finde him: Ieſus ſaid vnto hir, Mary, ſhee turned her ſelfe and ſaide vnto him *Rabboni: which is to ſay, Maſter*. Now when Chriſt made him ſelfe knowen vnto her, ſee what wordes ſhe vſeth: but onely one, to expreſſe as much as ſhe was able to ſpeake, Maſter: For a faithfull ſeruant that loueth his Maſter, if after a long miſſe of him, hee come to the ſight of him againe, can he forbeare teares of loue to ſhewe his dutie? and ſay with Mary, Maſter; confeſſe all yee that loue your Maſters, for the reſt God amend yee: Now was there euer ſo good a Maſter, as for onely louing him, nay rather of his own meere loue giues vs life

life euerlasting; forgiues vs all our offences, payes vs our wages in his mercies, and our debts for vs in the blood of his owne heart; when by reason of sinne, wee bee long absent from this so good a Master, if euer his Grace bring vs againe to his mercie, with the teares of sorrowe shall we not weepe, to haue been so long from him, and so reioyce in his sight? that we shall bee able with Mary to say no more but Master: which one word so spoken, may make more proof of our loue, than a longer tale of our seruice: for he knoweth our hearts, loueth our Humility, and so regardeth our loue, that though wee see him not as Marie did, yet we shall enioy such part of her comfort, as if we but thinke vpon his mercie, wee shall say in heart Master, when the friends of our ioy will not suffer vs to say any more: but it is enough and so much enough, as I beseech God to graunt vs all Grace, so to sor-

row

row for our ſinnes, and to long for his comming, that ſeeking him as Mary did with teares, wee may ſee him with ioy, and ſay with Mary, Maſter: which Maſter, Lord, King and God, be loued ſerued, honoured praiſed and glorified, of all his ſeruaunts here preſent, and all his faithfull whereſoeuer: Amen.



AT LONDON,
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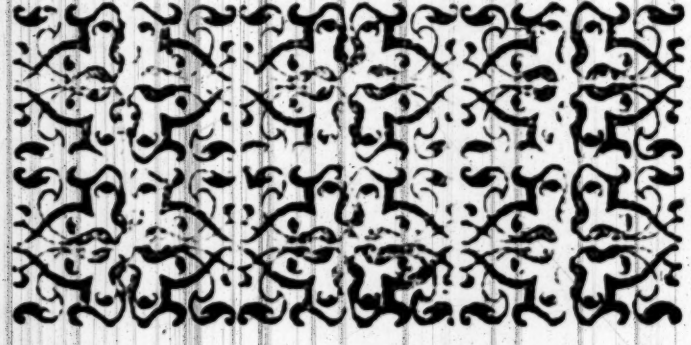

A Solemne Paſsion of the Soules Loue.

Printed at London by Iohn Danter, and are to be ſold by William Barley, at his ſhop in Gratious ſtreet. 1 5 9 ſ.

A ſolemne Paſsion of the Soules Loue.

AWake my ſoule out of the ſleepe of ſinne,
And ſhake off ſlouth the ſubiect of thy ſhame,
Search out the way how beſt thou mayſt beginne,
To holy worke thine humble will to frame:
Then proue not weary of a little paine,
When fleſhes griefe will breede the ſpirites gaine.

Confeſſe thy ſelfe vnworthy of the ſence,
To learne the leaſt of the ſupernall will,
Beſeech the heauens in ſtrength of their defence,
To ſaue and keepe thee from infernall ill.
Then fall to worke that all the world may ſee,
The ioyfull loue betwixt thy God and thee.

A ſolemne Paſſion of

Tell of his goodnes how he did create thee,
And in his iuſtice, how he doth correct thee,
And in his loue, how he will neuer hate thee,
And that his mercie neuer will reiect thee:
And how he helpt thee when the world diſtreſt thee,
And with his graces how he ſweetly bleſt thee.

Say I was ſicke and he did ſend me health,
I was in priſon and he ſet me free,
And I was poore and he did ſend me wealth,
And I was blind, and he did make me ſee:
I was perplext and he did heale my paine,
And beeing dead, he gaue me life againe.

When I was lame he did my limmes reſtore,
When I was deafe he made me heare his voice,
When I was wounded, he did heale my ſore,
When I was ſad he made my ſoule reioyce:
When I had ſinde he would not yet forſake mee,
When I was loſt he did to mercie take me.

To say yet more, what he hath done for me,
I needes must say his goodnes hath no end,
Who, when on earth he saw no friend to me,
Did make me feele I had a heauenly friend:
A heauenly friend whose help doth faile me neuer,
But is my comfort, and my King for euer.

This is my Lord, my life, and all my loue,
My liuing loue, and louing life indeed,
This is the blessing of my best behoue,
The sacred fruite whereon I sweetly feede:
This is the ioy that makes my hart to sing,
Honour and glory to my heauenly king.

Oh King more glorious than the world can know thee
From whom the day, euen from on high doth spring,
Where glorious works vnto the world doth show thee
Of glorious loue the euerliuing King:
The King of life, in whom the soule doth proue,
The highest glory of the heauenly loue.

A ſolemne Paſſion of

By whoſe high hands were all things made at firſt,
By whoſe deepe wiſedome they are gouernd ſtill,
By whom alone, are bleſſed or accurſt,
That loue his word, or diſobay his will:
By whoſe ſweet breath they liue that doo attend him,
And by whoſe wrath they dye that doo offend him.

For who can byde the furye of his yre?
Or halfe conceiue the comfort of his loue?
Who plagues his foes with an infernall fire,
And plants his ſeruants in the heauens aboue:
Who ſhakes the heauens and makes the mountains bow
If he but once begin to knit the browe.

And where he loues, what will he leaue to doo?
To make the ſoule acquainted with his kindnes,
And with what ioy will hee the ſpirite wooe?
To ſhun the woes that grow of worldly blindnes.
What paine, or griefe, or death did he refuſe?
To ſaue their liues that he did ſweetly chuſe.

Now

Now for the greatnes of his glorious power,
Hee is almighty and all glory his,
Hee made the yeare, the month, day, night and hower,
The heauens, earth, ſea, and what in them there is:
In him alone doth all their being ſtand,
And liue or dye in his almighty hand.

He ſpake the word, and by his word they were,
And all was good his ſecret wiſedome did,
His will did worke his fauour without feare,
And not a thought is from his knowledge hyd:
He knows the hearts, and ſearcheth through the raines,
And ſees the roots euen of the ſmalleſt vaines.

Hee deckt the Skye with ſunne and moone and ſtarres,
And made the ſeas to flow vpon the ſand,
Vpon whoſe ſhore his hand did ſet the barres,
They ſhall not paſſe to ouerflowe the Land,
Amid the ayre he hath diſpearſt the Clowdes,
And onely Man within his mercy ſhrowds.

Within the depth, the fiſh their holes do keepe,
And in the Rocks the Conny makes his houſe,
Into the earth the crawling wormes do creepe,
And hollow rocks are harbours for the mouſe:
The Lion keepes his den, the bird his neſt,
And man alone doth but in mercie reſt.

Yet theſe and all are guided by his power,
And may not paſſe the paſſage he hath giuen them,
The Sunne his courſe, the Moone muſt know her houre
And clouds muſt wander but where winds haue driuen them
Beaſts know their times, fiſhes know their tides, (
And man alone in onely mercie bides.

To tell of woonders by his wiſedome wrought,
Euen from the greateſt to the verie leaſt,
Which time declares by true experience taught,
In fish, and fowle, in bird, in man and beaſt:
Marke but the power that doth in each abide,
And how it weakens in their higheſt pride.

The Lion firſt is fearefull of the Bee,
The Elephant doth dread the little mouſe,
A crowing Cocke the Dragon may not ſee,
The ſtowreſt Eagle ſubiect to the lowſe:
The greateſt Oxe a little taint worme killeth,
And many a man a little Canker ſpilleth.

Yet is the Lion feared for his force,
The Elephant a huge and mightie beaſt,
The fiery Dragon killes without remorſe,
And Eagles carrie Lambs vnto their neſt:
The Oxe the taint worme vnder foot doth tread,
And man ſometimes doth kill the cankers head.

But when that power begins to gather pride,
Then ſee the ſtrength of the almightie hand,
By whoſe high help the weakeſt thinges are tride,
To ſpoile the ſtrength wherein the ſtrongeſt ſtand:
That they may know there is a power on hie,
In whom they liue, and at his pleaſure die.

To ſhew examples of the heauenly might,
Againſt the pride of the inferiour power,
The word of truth doth giue a glorious light,
Where may be ſeene in minute of an hower: (ded,
How greateſt ſtayes that on their ſtrengths were groun-
With headlong falls were vtterly confounded.

How Pharaoh firſt, the proud Egyptian King,
That would not ſuffer Iſraëll to paſſe,
What plagues and griefes did the almighty bring
Vpon the houſe euen where his lodging was?
Frogges, flyes, and lyce did freely make their way
Euen to the chamber where proud Pharaoh lay.

A number plagues the Lord did further threaten,
His Land was ſtroken with a darkeſome feare,
His graſſe and corne by Graſhoppers were eaten,
The plague deſtroyed his people euery where:
And laſt himſelfe, amidſt his army crowned,
Was in a moment in the red Sea drowned.

Yet through theſe ſeas his hand did make the way,
Where all his ſeruants went and wet no foote,
Which prooues his loue was his elected ſtay,
While rebell harts were torne vp by the roote:
Which true example to the world may proue,
The glorious greatnes of his power and loue.

Goliah boaſted greatly of his ſtrength,
Yet little Dauid kild him with a ſtone,
The Madian Hoaſt was ſtrong but yet at length,
By Gideons hand the Kings were ouerthrowne:
By change of tongues fell Babylons high tower,
And Chriſt his word did breake the diuels power.

Yet in it ſelfe what weaker is than water,
Which drownd proud Pharaoh with his mighty hoſt?
A lowſe or flye is of a little matter,
Yet with ſuch wormes are men tormented moſt:
What ſtrength alas is in a little ſtone?
Yet ſo we reade Goliah ouerthrowne.

Know then from whence this wonder power groweth,
But from the force of the almightie hand,
Which to the world his glorious power ſhoweth,
When with the weake the ſtrongeſt cannot ſtand:
King Dauid wrote and it is truely knowne,
That power belongeth vnto God alone.

To proue the proweſſe of the heauenly power,
How many more examples may be ſhowne:
There is no yeare, no day, no night nor houre,
But ſome ſuch action to the world is knowne:
That truth may well vnto his glorie ſpeake.
God is of power and all the world is weake.

But ſince the world cannot the bookes containe,
Wherein his works of wonder may be writ,
To admiration let his power remaine,
And ſay all powers are ſubiect vnto it:
And let me of his loue and mercie write,
Which is the ſubſtance of the ſoules delight.

This powerfull loue the glorie of all grace,
When he had wrought the world vnto his will,
And planted each thing in his proper place,
And in the course that they continue still:
Of all the works that he in wonder wrought,
Made onely man the dearest of his thought.

For what he made he made but man to serue,
And man to serue his onely sacred loue,
And in his loue doth so mans life preserue,
As may the comfort of his care approue:
And so approue as may this sentence giue,
His onely loue doth make the soule to liue.

He loude the earth when he did giue it life,
He loued this life when he his Image gaue it,
He loued the flesh that made the bone a wife,
He loued the soule when he from death did saue it:
He loude him euer yet he loude him most,
To fetch him home when he him selfe had lost.

Come

A ſolemne Paſſion of

Come Poets yee that fill the world with fanſies,
Whoſe fayning Muſes ſhew but madding fits,
Which all too ſoone doo fall into thoſe franzies,
That are begotten by miſtaking wits:
Lay downe your liues, compare your loue with mine
And ſay whoſe vertue is the true diuine.

For further tryall let me giue you leaue,
To add a truth vnto your ydle ſtoryes,
Wherewith ſo oft you doo the world deceaue,
And gayne your ſelues but ill conceyted gloryes:
Yet when you ſee where ſweeteſt lights are ſhowne,
Looke on my loue, and bluſh to ſee your owne.

With ſunny beautyes let your loues be bleſt,
The ſunne doth fetch his light but from my loue,
You haue your wonders from the Phœnix neſt,
Mine honour liues but in the heauens aboue:
Your Muſes doo your Ladyes prayſes ſing,
The Aungels ſing in glory of my King.

The

the Soules Loue.

The earth alas, from whence your loues receiue,
Their flowers & ſweets, their Pearles & precious ſtones,
To decke themſelues, with which they doo deceiue,
The blinded ſpirits of the ſimple ones:
This earth from whence their outward graces ſpring,
Is but the footſtoole of my heauenly King.

And if he ſo hath deckt the earth below,
Imagine then the glory of his ſeate,
Which may perſwade where Aungels tremble ſo,
For humane eyes the glory is too great:
For where the ſunne, the moone, and ſtarres haue light,
For natures eyes the beauty is too bright.

And who doth liue that euer ye did loue,
But that ye could theyr fayreſt fayre vnfolde,
And my fayre loue, let fayreſt truth approue,
No eye can liue in glory to behold:
Your cleareſt beauty is with age declining,
My loues bright glory is for euer ſhining.

A ſolemne Paſſion of

If you be wiſe, thinke where true wiſedome liueth,
And then allow the honour to my loue:
If yours be kind thinke who the comfort giueth,
And know the turky from the turtle doue:
If conſtant yours, that truth let my loue try,
Who loſt his life, to ſaue his loue thereby.

And let me ſee how liueth all your loue,
But on deſert the ſtay of all your ſtate,
And in my loue a further life approue,
Who loude indeede when he had cauſe to hate:
Your fancies oft for lacke of fauour ſtarue,
But my loue doth both mine and yours preſarue.

Then truely ſay whom chiefe your loues doth chooſe,
To caſt the countenance of theyr fauours on,
Then whom againe they wholly doo refuſe,
In liking thought as moſt to looke vpon:
Then doo but looke vpon my loue his choyſe,
And whoſe hart moſt he maketh to reioyſe.

The

The wealthy, mighty, wiſe and well at eaſe,
Doo fit the fanſies of your Ladies beſt:
But poore, and weake, and ſimple ſoules beſt pleaſe
My heauenly loue, to harbour in his breſt:
And who the world doth vtterly refuſe,
Thoſe doth my loue vnto his fauour chuſe.

And ſee what power is in your louing natures,
To take or giue what ye may gayne or loſe,
And ye ſhall ſee they are but my loues creatures,
Whoſe liues are at his pleaſure to diſpoſe:
And while your fauours all doo fade away,
My ſweet loues bleſſings neuer will decay.

Could ye conceiue the ſmalleſt of the ſweete,
That doth diſcend from my ſoules deareſt loue,
Vpon the faith that falleth at his feete,
That doth in prayer but his mercie proue:
And you will blot out euery idle line,
And yeeld your ſoules vnto this loue of mine.

A ſolemne Paſſion of

Compare a weede vnto a holſome flower,
A cloudie euening to a ſunnie daie,
A foggie miſte vnto an Aprill ſhower,
Nouember blaſte vnto a bloome of May:
And you ſhall eaſily ſee the difference plaine,
Betwixt my ſunne ſhine and your ſhowers of raine.

Compare meere follie to the fineſt wit,
The courſeſt copper with the pureſt gold,
The healthfull bodie with an ague fit:
And ſet the youthfull age againſt the old,
The Rauens foule note to Philomelaes voice,
And quicklie ſay, which is the better choice.

Compare foule pride to faire humilitie,
A kinde diſcretion to a dogged nature,
The clowniſh race, to true gentilitie,
A bleſſed Angell to a curſed creature,
Fauours to frownes, and ſmilings vnto ſcowles,
And ſay the Phœnix makes all birds but owles.

Compare

Compare the earth vnto the heauen on hie,
The ſpirites treaſures vnto fleſhly toyes,
The pibble ſtone vnto the Azurde Skie,
The Woes of men vnto the Angels ioyes:
The loweſt weaknes vnto the higheſt powers,
Then ſee the difference twixt my loue and yours.

And when you ſee how all ſweet bleſſings grow,
But from the ground of my loues liuing grace,
And doe againe the imperfection know,
Wherein you doe your fond affection place:
Then all your titles to this truth reſigne,
There is no life but in this loue of mine.

And giue me leaue to praiſe my Princely loue,
Although my wittes are ſhort of ſuch a worth,
And let my ſpirite in my paſſions proue,
What his high hand in mercie will bring forth:
And write but truth that may be truely prooued,
My onely loue, all onely to be loued.

A ſolemne Paſſion of

Before all times, all thoughts, all things he was
And euer is, and will be aye the ſame,
That doth in wonder wonders wonder paſſe,
In truths high triumph of eternall fame:
Where life, and loue, in grace and glory crowned,
Doo ſway the Scepter of the heauens renowned.

Now what he was cannot be comprehended,
Who in himſelfe doth all things comprehend,
And when that all things ſhall be wholly ended,
Himſelfe, his word, his will ſhall neuer end:
Whoſe gratious life, all glorious loue beginning,
Doth adde all grace, and endles glory winning.

And of his Eſſence, this is all we finde,
A ſpirite fully incomprehenſible,
A louing God vnto his ſeruants kinde,
And in his humane nature ſenſible:
In wiſedomes wonder knowledge quinteſcence,
And in that Eſſence higheſt excellence.

The high Creator of all creatures liuing,
The ſweete Redeemer of his ſeruants loſt,
The glorious grace, all grace, and glory giuing,
The ioy of ioyes, that glads the ſpirit moſt:
The loue of life, and life of loue indeede,
Gainſt death and hell, that ſtands the ſoule in ſteede.

His ſeate is heauen, the earth his footſtoole is,
His chiefeſt dwelling with his ſoules elected,
His ioy to loue and to be loude of his,
His fauour, life, vnto his loues affected:
His word is truth, which doth the ſpirit try,
Where fruitfull faith ſhall liue and neuer dye.

His bleſſing is the peace of conſcience,
His comfort mercies contemplation,
His pretious gift, the ſpirits patience,
His mercy, vertues meditation:
His grace the oyle, that kills the ſpirits euill,
His death the life that did ſubdue the diuell.

His garments are the ſundrie ſortes of graces,
His tribute is but ſinners ſacrifice,
His worke, the planting vertues in their places,
His gaine the loue of humble ſpirites ſeruice:
His muſicke Pſalmes that angels neuer ceaſe,
To ſing in glorie of the King of peace,

This King of peace, this God of life and loue,
Who in himſelfe doth all and onely hold,
The higheſt bleſſings of the hearts behoue,
That faithfull truth hath to the ſpirite told:
This is the ſubſtance of my ſoules delight,
Vnworthie ſubiect of his worth to write,

Yet as his mercie will vouchſafe me grace,
With intercеſſion of his high aſſiſtance,
Againſt the power that would my thoughts deface,
And prowdly make againſt the loue reſiſtance:
I will a little giue his loue a touch,
Whoſe ſmalleſt praiſe is for my pen too much.

the Soules Loue.

What loue was that which made him like man beſt,
Of all the worke that euer he created,
What loue againe did in that liking reſt,
To loue him ſo he neuer can be hated:
What loue was more to giue the man a wife,
What loue was moſt to die to giue him life.

The earth within with ſiluer gems and gold,
Without with trees and herbs, and fruits and flowers,
The waters deepe where fiſhes keeps their hold,
The Elements with al their inward powers:
Theſe hath my loue all made for man to chuſe,
And to his pleaſure in his ſeruice vſe.

The fire was made to kill the chil ling cold,
The water made to ſlacke the bu rning heate,
The ſubtile ayre a ſecret breath to hold,
The earth too drie when moyſture is too great:
Theſe croſſe in natures yet doe meete in one,
Onely to ſerue the vſe of man alone.

A ſolemne Paſſion of

Each byrd, each beaſt, each fowle, and euery fiſh,
The fleſh of man muſt ſerue to cloath and feede,
What eye can ſee, or heart of man can wiſh,
But ſome way ſerues to ſtand poore men in ſteede:
And for that cauſe their being firſt began,
From mercies loue, to ſerue the life of man.

The light was made to glad the lightſome eye,
The ſound to pleaſe the pure attentiue eare,
The ayre to drawe a liuing breath thereby,
The earth the body, and the limmes to beare:
The clowds, the ſtaires, the ſunne, the moone, the Skye,
Were made for man, to make him looke on high.

All theſe were made out of the mould of loue,
Was neuer loue came euer neere to this,
Which doth a wonder in affection proue,
Euen when we leaſt deſerude that loue of his:
For when our ſoules did moſt offences doo him,
He came himſelfe in loue to call vs to him.

To

To make, redeeme, preſerue, defend, and cheriſh,
His faithfull ſoules, and ſo in loue to nouriſh,
And in his loue, their liues ſhall neuer periſh,
But like the Lilly liue and euer flouriſh:
Are theſe not points ſufficient to approue,
The true perfection of a piereles loue?

Yet more to ſay, that truely may be ſayd,
In humble honour of this heauenly loue
In mercies ſweete to make the ſoule dismayde,
To ſee the bleſſing of this God aboue:
The louing ſpirit liuely to refreſh,
He let his ſeruants ſee him in the fleſh.

To ſee him ſo, as might not hurt their ſight,
For none might ſee his high ſupernall power,
But in his loue to ſee that glorious light,
That gaines that ſweete that cuts off euery ſower:
The ſecond perſon of himſelfe, his ſonne,
In whom are all things to his glory done.

And ſee the cauſe why ſo he came vnto vs,
It is onely loue the onely cauſe wee liue,
And when we came, what comfort did he doe vs,
To ſaue our liues his loue his life did giue:
And ſo to ſaue vs from the fire of hell,
That with his loue we might for euer dwell.

What loue was this, to leaue his heauenly ſeate,
Among his ange'ls, all in glorie ſerued,
To come to man who did too ill intreate,
The ſacred loue, that hath his life preſerued,
From being honourde praiſde and glorifide,
To be diſgraced, whipte, and crucifide.

In loue he left his higheſt heauenly pleaſures,
Aboue his angels in their heaps of ioyes,
To liue on earth in ſorrowes out of meaſures,
With chaunge of nothing but the worlds annoyes:
In toyle and trauaile, long in loue he ſought vs,
And with his death at laſt full dearely bought vs.

the Soules Loue.

Oh wofull trauaile that he vndertooke,
To bring our liues vnto his sacred loue,
Which paine, nor crosse, nor death it selfe forsooke,
That to our faith might his affection proue:
Which left the spirite of his loue behinde him,
To shew the loue that seekes him how to finde him.

In loue h: came, that he might comfort doe vs
In loue went from vs, to prouide our places,
In loue he sent his comforter vnto vs,
In loue he guides vs with his holy grace:
In loue he made, bought, keepes and guides vs thus,
And shall not we loue him that so loude vs.

Yes my deare Lord, be thou my dearest loue,
For Christ his sake, let my soule neuer leaue thee,
Who in thy loue, thy liuing truth doth proue,
That makes me finde the world doth all deceiue me:
And were there truth on earth as there is none,
Yet were thy loue the ioy of life alone.

And

And let theſe teares be witnes of my loue,
Which firſt doo begge remiſſion of my ſinne,
And in repentance doo but mercy moue,
To ope the gates of grace and let me in:
Where humble faith but at thy feete may fall,
With my ſoules ſeruice, loue and life and all.

Forget O Lord my workes of wickednes,
Whereby my ſoule with ſorrow is oppreſſed,
And with the finger of thy holines,
In mercy touch my ſpirit ſo diſtreſſed:
And ſaue my life that draweth nigh to hell,
Loue me a little and I ſhall be well.

Loue? no ſweete Lord: mercy I craue no more,
My ſinnes are ſuch, I dare not ſpeake of loue,
But in thy mercy to thy loue reſtore,
My humble faith, that may but mercy proue:
And ſo approue that all the world may ſee,
The loyall loue betwixt my God and mee.

the Soules Loue.

Oh call me home, and make me heare thy call,
And heare thee ſo, that I may runne vnto thee,
And hold me faſt that I may neuer fall,
But that my ſoule may euer ſeruice doo thee:
Shew ſome good token, that the world may know,
My ſoule is bleſt, whom thou haſt loued ſo.

And while I liue here in this wretched vale,
Of fearefull danger of infernall death,
Where earthly pleaſures take thoſe ſoules to ſale,
Which haue their bargaine in the hell beneath,
Let my ſoules loue, and life, and labour bee,
To ſeeke my ioy, my loue and life in thee.

Make me not rich leſt I forget to thinke,
From whence I haue the comfort of my hart,
Nor in ſuch want, let thy poore ſeruant ſinke,
That I be driuen to craue the needy part:
Giue me but meanes the needy to relieue,
To feede thy flocke, and not the Wolfe to grieue.

Let

A ſolemne Paſſion of

Let me not liſten to the ſinners ſonges,
But to the Pſalmes thy holy ſaints doe ſing,
Nor let me follow tyrants in their wronges,
But kiſſe the rocke, where righteouſnes doth ſpring:
Let not mine eye affect the outward part,
But let me loue the vertue of the hart.

And let my life be to behold thy loue,
And let my loue be but to liue in thee,
And ſo to liue that all the world may proue,
The gratious good my God hath done for mee,
To call my ſoule out of this world of woe,
In faithfull loue to ſerue my Sauiour ſo.

And when they ſee the blot of all their blame,
To loue the worlde but all in wretched toyes,
And doe confes with inward bluſhing ſhame,
They are but ſorrowes vnto heauenlie ioyes:
They may with me forſake all worldly pleaſure,
And make thy loue an euerlaſting treaſure.

For Lord by thee we are, in thee we liue,
And in thy loue the liuing cannot die,
And ſince thy death, did our liues wholy giue,
For thy loues ſake ſhall we affection flie:
No my deare Lord, let life be death to me,
So I may die to liue in loue with thee.

A ioyfull life were ſuch a death indeede,
From earthly paine to paſſe to heauenly pleaſure,
A ioyfull line for louing hearts to reade,
To leaue the fleſh to take the ſpirits treaſure:
Whoſe glorious ſence vnto the ſunne doth fall,
That all is nothing to that all in all.

And I (alas) of many thouſand ſoules,
Vnworthie moſt of his high worth to write,
Who in his mercies true record inrowles,
The louing ſubſtance of the ſoules delight:
Muſt mercie crie, for feare my loues preſuming,
Of too high ſence may be my ſouls conſuming.

And with the teares of true repentant loue,
Looking vpon the wonders of that wonder,
That in his least perfection may approue,
The greatest wisedome of the world put vnder:
Confesse my wit as short to penne his praise,
As darkest nights in light of clearest dayes.

And say but this in grace and glories height,
Where vertues loue doth liue for euer crowned,
And all the Hoast of heauen and heauens await,
Vpon the highest of the heauens renowned:
Whom Saints and Angels trembling doo adore,
To him alone be all praise euermore.

All honour praise and glory euer bee,
Vnto my louing euerliuing King,
This king of life, who so hath lou'ed mee,
To giue my soule this gratious power to sing:
In hart and mind, in man and Angels loue,
All glorious glory be to God aboue.

FINIS. Nicholas Britten.